

PS 3521
.A67 P6
1909

POEMS

BY

ELIZABETH KATZ



Class PS3521

Book . A67 P6

Copyright N^o 1909

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

POEMS

BY

ELIZABETH KATZ

OF



The Knickerbocker Press

New York

LIBRARY of CONGRESS	
Two Copies Received	
FEB 23 1909	
Copyright Entry	
Feb. 20, 1909	
CLASS	XXC No.
231476	
COPY B.	

PS3521
.A67P6
1909

COPYRIGHT, 1909

BY

ELIZABETH KATZ



These Verses are Lovingly
Dedicated to My Friend
BERTA PAISLEY MEBANE

THE LILY

THE Lily speaks in accents soft of
Life and Truth and Love
And of a heaven far above
All sense of discord and of pain,
Where men are healed and hope swells up again.
'T is the Resurrection hour
And from within this pearl-like flower
Comes the incense from above
Wafted down on the wings of Love,
Beckoning man aside from the weary paths of
sin,
Saying, gently saying, Enter thou in,
For the door stands open wide,
Bidding us come inside
This vestibule to heaven's eternal home,
And there to stay, never more from the Father's
House to roam.

The Father's House is boundless Love,
Around, about, above.

Infinite—Freedom giving
To those who in their lives are living
Reflections of the Parent Mind
And through His glory ever shine.

THE CALL

THE Truth which cometh down from heaven to
heal

Was by a woman hidden in three measures of
meal.

Till now the lump is rising high

To meet the Lord and His Christ in the sky.

And Jerusalem which is the Mother of us all
Is sending forth the mighty call, "Come up
hither,"

Where Truth and Love unite
In a vesture pure and white.

Come ye wedding guest

To your blessed Saviour's rest
And out from that high and holy habitation
Shall flow the world's salvation.

MY ROSE

My rose, my rose,
In the sunshine fair it grows,
In my garden, in my garden,
And I bury my face in its fragrant grace and beg
its pardon.

But when men's thoughts shall
Be illumined with things divine
This rose of mine
Shall raise its head and sing
Oh! give me joy and bliss
For higher things.

A "Smile from God," a kiss, a breath
To light the wanderer, save from death.
And then ascending up to God as incense rare,
Going to Him who giveth all and hath to spare.

SPRING

I HEAR the birds twitter and sing
With the first fair breath of Spring.
Love doth a wonderous picture make
For every one who will but take
The bounty from her hand,
In this beautiful flowering land.

Spring doth call me,
It makes my soul long to be free
To "bud and blossom as the rose,"
To melt all trace of winter snows,
To rise, to rise into newness of life,
To still the murmur of sorrow and strife.

For me, for me the world is bright
Everything sparkles with color and light,
For love, for love is in my heart,
And I long this joy to impart
And everlasting freshness give
My part of earth, that all may live.

TO ALICE McC. S. WHITE

THE flower of our friendship blossoms and grows,
Like the fragrant rose.

Sending out its perfume sweet,
Making a love-strewn path for friendship's feet.

TO A. E. S.

GOD IS ALL IN ALL

God is with us all the way,
God is with us when we pray
The understanding prayer,
Knowing that God is here and everywhere.
For God is Life and Life is all,
Blessing those who upon Him call
"In spirit and in truth,"
Giving us perennial youth.
God is your life and mine,
And will cause His light to shine
Through us as transparencies clear
When we have rid ourselves of fear,
And holy, fearless walk the earth
Waiting for the higher birth.

SAFETY

IF I am pure, and walk in the footsteps of the
Master—

No harm can come to me,
For His is the way of Salvation sure;
And is for me and thee.

For through His chosen Messenger the way to-day
is plain,
For he said the Comforter would come to us
again.

So hand in His I walk the way of deliverance
sure,
Promised to those whose hearts are pure.

POSING

DON'T pose
But to thyself expose thy every fault.
So that you may exalt
The perfect idea
So pure and clear.

Then all mankind may see
The Christ expressed in thee
And thou a pattern be
Of that which posing would only
Seemingly make of thee.

“MAMMY’S” BOY

“MAMMY” strolled about the town

Her kerchief and cap so neat, and so trim her
gown,

And by her side with collar big and trousers
small

Was her little charge, now grown tall.

“Mos a man” Mammy would say

In her fond caressing way.

Mammy would like to see her boy

And hear about his latest “toy.”

At school he soon tired and would not stay

And now in an office is making his way.

He likes his work,

And does not his duty shirk—

“Mammy’s boy.”

His promise for the future is bright
And if he will in the Way walk right,
Some day Mammy may point with pride
To the little man who once walked by her side
In the dear Southern town,
Where such happy memories cluster "roun."

I LAUGH, I PRAY, I SING, I DANCE

I LAUGH, I pray, I sing, I dance,
And if the Father hears perchance
The accent of my melody so faint,
I shall be turned into the likeness of a saint,
And have my name writ in the book
Where all the world may come and look,
And say her song was heard,
For she meekly piped her roundelay like some
woodland bird.

I laugh, I pray, I sing, I dance,
Who can wake me from this trance?
It is not a trance, it is the Truth
That holds me by the hand forsooth,
And leads me to the Golden Gate
Of Love, who is ever there to wait
The entrance of the angel band
Who have not let go the Father's hand.

ON VIOLETS BROUGHT ME BY MY FATHER

Oh those fragrant violets blue,
So often when I think, father dear, of you,
My heart melts with tears,
And sweet quietude allays all fears.

Oh, those violets sweet,
My whole heart goes out to meet
The perfume of hearts' desire
And makes my thought aspire.

To broader views of things
The voice within me soars and sings
Till it would almost burst the bounds
Of audible sounds.

And fill immensity fair,
With perfume so exquisitely rare,
Reaching the Father's House above,
Whose fragrance, all encompassing, is—Love.

1808—1908

TO GREENSBORO—NORTH CAROLINA

GREENSBORO is soon to celebrate her hundredth
birthday,

And I should like to write a little lay
That would immortalize this paradise
Which lies so near my heart
And sing a song that would resound
The whole world round.

From our General of Revolutionary fame
It gained its bright and honored name,
And ever fresh with verdure fair
Nature with her naming seemed to share.
Dear Friends I love you all and feel that you
have the right
To call upon your children anywhere
To sing your praises far and near.

Your large industries and culture rare cannot
be surpassed

But will compare with our brothers the wide
world o'er

Who on the blessed wings of progress soar.

I will close my song with a little prayer
Asking Greensboro's children everywhere

To unite with me in saying, God bless you
To our dear town so true.

THE OCEAN

I LOVE to steal from the city
And roam by the ocean's breast,
To watch it in all its varying moods
In its gorgeous changes drest.

O! I love it so,
Where the breezes blow soft and low—
And the clouds float by in the golden sky—
And the water sings a lullaby,
As the gulls skim over the crest and fly.

Music sweet fills the air
And drives from my mind all care,
The silver moon rises o'er the water in all its
purity—
God for all the world is surety.

PATMOS

COME into the sunlight with me,
Then all the dream shadows will flee
And man himself will see
The universe as it is to be.

The beloved disciple saw
God's word fulfilled in Spirit's law
And from the rocky island bare
Gave of his bounty fair.

His pure thought touched the Heart divine
And of its glorious hidden mine
Did pour upon the earth treasures rare,
Jewels beyond compare.

Until in time fulfilment came:
The mystery taken from His Holy name
As was declared by the angel of old
Who to John this wonderous story told.

The "little book" has come to light
Making everything in God's universe bright,
Making all of the promises true,
As the Father said in His word He would do.

IF I ASSOCIATE WITH KINGS

My kinsmen before I was born associated with
Kings,

Why think you it notable that
I should do such things?

One the Emperor's health,
The other the King's wealth
Did supply.

So why should not I

Give unto Emperor and King
The most valued treasure that any one can bring.

The understanding of eternal Life

Made clear by the Bride the Lamb's wife—
The Church triumphant stands,

For the guidance of this and other lands.
So why should not I associate with Emperor and
King,

And place upon their hand the ring

Of which the parable spake,
Should be given those whom all sin forsake?

TO FANNIE S. F.

REFRESHMENT

Oh gentle cup which drops the dew upon the
waiting earth

Bathing the tiny blades of grass, bringing them
into fuller birth.

Oh waiting earth may the shower not delay

Thy stains of sin to wash away

And leave thee pure and clean

Regenerated, freed from all that is base, and
mean

Stretch out thine arms and breathe again the air
of heaven, O ye sons of men.

TO JULIA HOMESLEY

SWEET as the Lily-of-the-Valley

Hidden in its folds of green,

Looking unto the Eternal, the perfect Mind now
seen,

And saying, Father am I worthy to upon thee
call.

A voice within whispers,

God is All.

THE DOVE

IT lay in the street wounded and bleeding
The passers-by scarcely heeding
The piteous appeal of Love.
Baring its breast as the dove
(To awaken the sleeper!)

The dove cannot ever stay,
But with the noon of day,
Will fly from whence her healing came—
And there are no more lame.

So dear children in the street
Skipping along with careless feet,
Let us minister of our love
To the wounded stricken dove.

What the dove desired to do
Was to awaken me and you,

To lift our hearts in skyward flight
 Away from the dark tempestuous night.

And for this the dove her breast did bare
 To meet the storm and tempest there,
To save! to save! through love's appeal,
 And the perfect to reveal.

MY SON

Rock me to sleep again, Mother, just as you used
to do,

When I am tired and weary my thought reaches
out to you,

Always with confidence strengthened by com-
munion with you, Mother dear.

All the world seems a garden of flowers with
never a trace of fear.

Oh how good it is to nestle close, Mother dear,
And hear your sweet words of counsel and cheer.

Let me rest in your love and strong enough
grow

To take other nestlings and fondle them so,

Until finding the great Parent above

Whose one blessed name is Mother-Love.

FROM MORTAL SENSE MADE FREE

RESTLESS, ill at ease,

Like hunger ne'er appeased

Is the mortal sense of things,

And its striving never brings

Within our grasp the real and true;

It is the higher aim that brings

The pure and good to view.

The longing from this miserable self to be free—

Toward the dayspring our weary eyes begin to

see

The rays of risen light

Which will lift us from the shadows of the night.

ONE ETERNAL MIND

THERE is one eternal mind
That governeth all things well,
And of its glories endless
We always love to tell.

Of how the Father, Mother Love
Lifts our thought to realms above,
Envelops us in endless Life,
And takes out of the world all pain and strife.

And calls "Come Unto Me"
Where all the shadows flee,
And man forever dwells in Life's infinity.

STARS

STARS, stars with their gleaming light
Shining far into the night.
So can we be like the stars
Giving light through countless hours.
The star which heralds the perfect day
Has many qualities in its ray.
Life, Truth, and Love reflected are
By this bright and beautiful star.

TO MISS BERRYMAN

I LOOKED through the gladiolus and behold
Elizabeth stood!
In her sweet womanhood.

TO JOHN

BOYS

Boys, boys, full of nonsense and noise,
But we love them, we love them, the dear little
boys.

They are so noble and so true
And when reproved they look at you,
With their eyes of brown or blue,
And say—We are boys, only boys.

So on goes the song of the dear little boys,
Of their pleasures, and sorrows,
Their trials and joys.

Until into manhood they grow,
And we still love them so—
The boys, the larger boys.

3
3 , 1
3 3
3 3
3 3 , 3

TO ELIZABETH ROTH

IN A GARDEN FAIR

IN a Garden Fair,
By a brooklet there,
Stood a little Miss,
Her lips pursed for a kiss,
From the Fairy Maiden
With joy laden
Under the water there.

Come with me, she pleaded,
But the Fairy never heeded,
When on the face so fair and "roun"
There appeared a tiny frown,
When suddenly bursting into glee,
She exclaimed, "The fairy is me!"

WE ARE BELLS, IN ORDER

THE bells, which chime sweet music from Spirits
 holy place,
Tell the story of blessedness in every upturned
 face.

We chime and chime together
And out o'er the fields of heather
Comes the music of the bells
Over hill and over dell,
And it ever bears the message
Sweetly sung throughout all time,
But is ever coming nearer
As we join the holy chime
And like a mighty chorus, in a belfry high,
We each a bell in order
Sing to our Father in the sky.

FEB 23 1909

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 973 840 1